DENMARK Dkr. 25.50 ITALY Lire 3000 GERMANY Dm. 10.90 HOLLAND Fl. 9.00 FINLAND Mkk. 12.50 SPAIN Ptas 300 70925MM

85p

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 7

KNAVE

THE LADY UNDRESSES AND WHAT THE GARDENER SAW

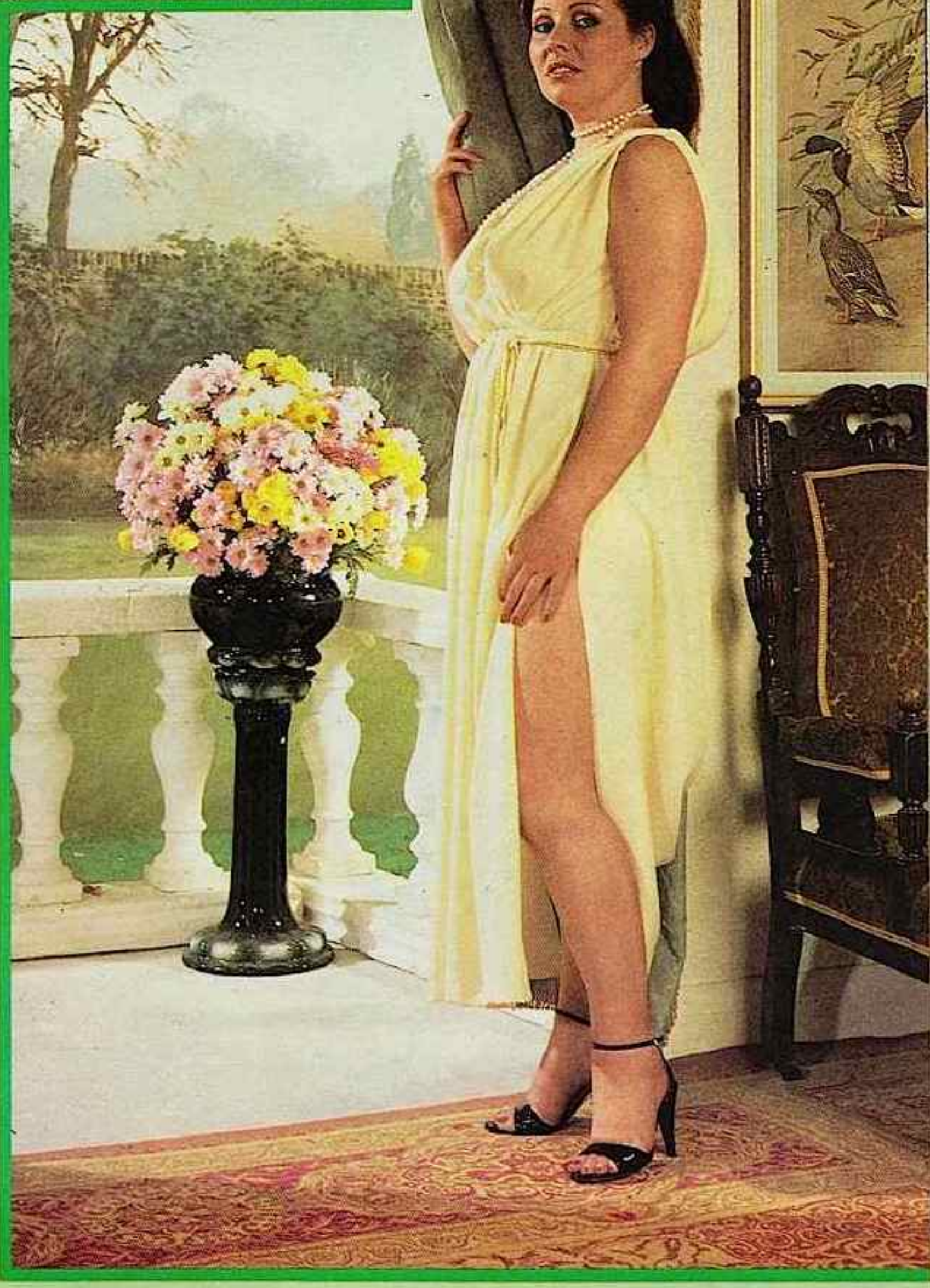
UNUSUAL TURN-ONS: ARE YOU A FETISHIST?

MOTOR MANIA AND THE SEXUAL CONNOTATION

TAKE OFFS AND TOUCH DOWNS AT THE AIRPORT

Ann

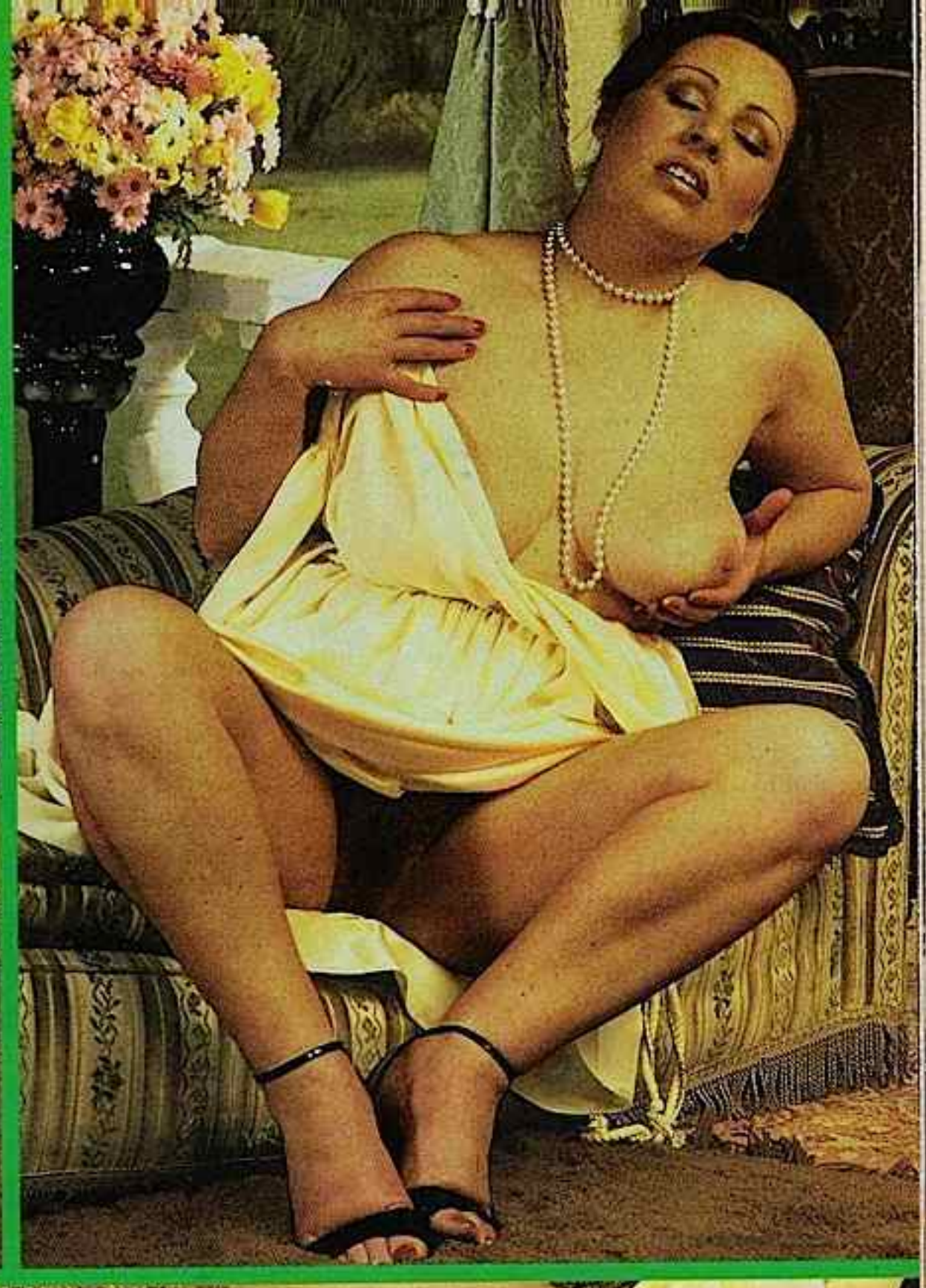
Every Inch A Woman

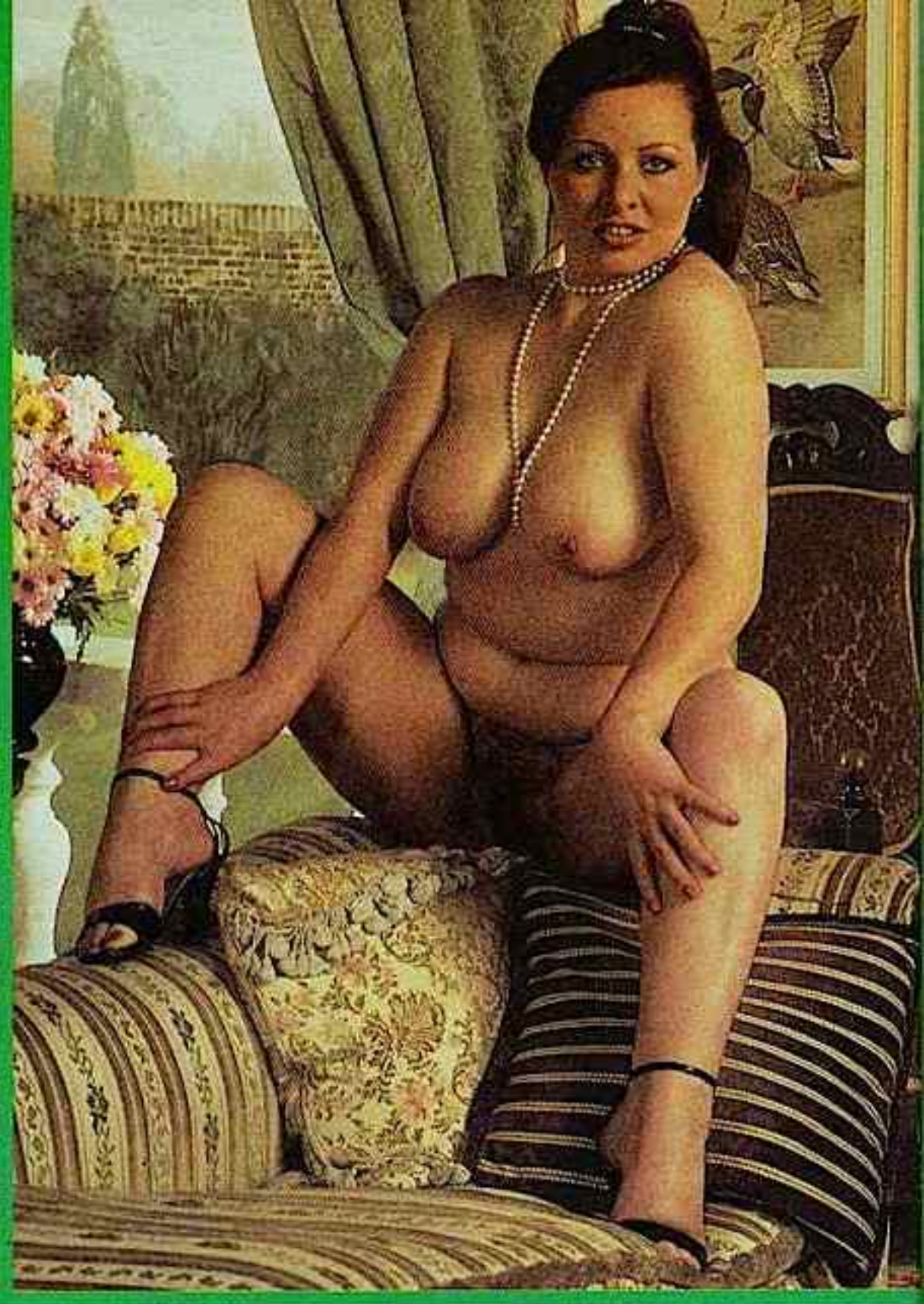


Every inch. This is hardly an exaggeration. No shit (excuse me Ann). Ann has the sort of shape that makes the editor of this prestigious magazine want to cover the distance from here to Kent (where she hangs out, as they say) at an average speed of 212 mph. She does very funny things to his pulse, blood pressure, bank and hormone balances, eyesight, receding hairline, adrenal glands and perspiration output. "Really, he's lucky to be still alive," commented R. Metcalf, deputy, rather acidly to the editor of Fiesta who, it is only fair to point out, saw her first. (If truth be told, the latter's reaction to Ann had been, by all accounts, anything but moderate, resulting apparently in polaroids potted with spontaneous saliva – yes, that's right, *saliva*).

Meanwhile, Knave editor would consider it a rare privilege if Ann obliged his cranial area with another generous dollop of Bird's custard. *(See Fiesta Holiday Special No. 4 for details).*

Photographed by Mylanwy





R.S.V.P.

You are cordially invited to our studio to take part in a photographic session on behalf of Knave's Mature Models. Please send at least 3 recent snaps of yourself (preferably nude) to: Knave magazine, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. If you're successful, you'll receive £100 plus travelling expenses, while the lucky photographer who brought you to our attention will get £25.

ELENORA

You've seen her face before. She sounds like some lady rising from the misty marble vaults in a short story by Edgar Allan Poe, then changing into a black cat that leaves deep red lines down your back once you've found a zone that's too erogenous for words. "I like stripping," said Elenora, when I asked her why she was doing this, "although I don't make it my living or anything." What would she call it? "Well, I read some of those letters you printed from people and it made me feel warm inside, particularly that one where this guy had a montage of all my pictures on his wall. I didn't realise I had that sort of effect." So now you know.

Photographed by R. B. Kane

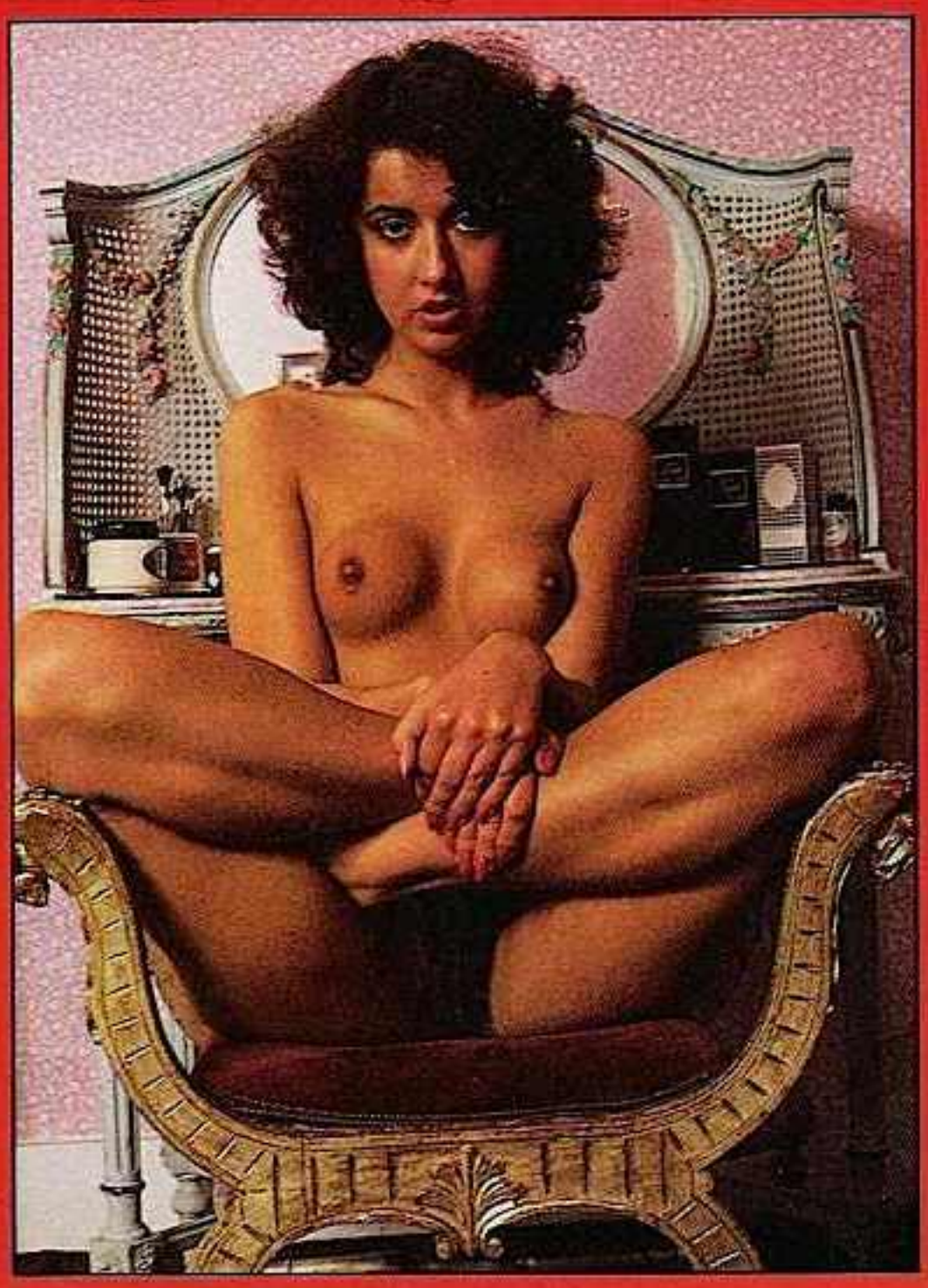
ELENORA

KNAVE

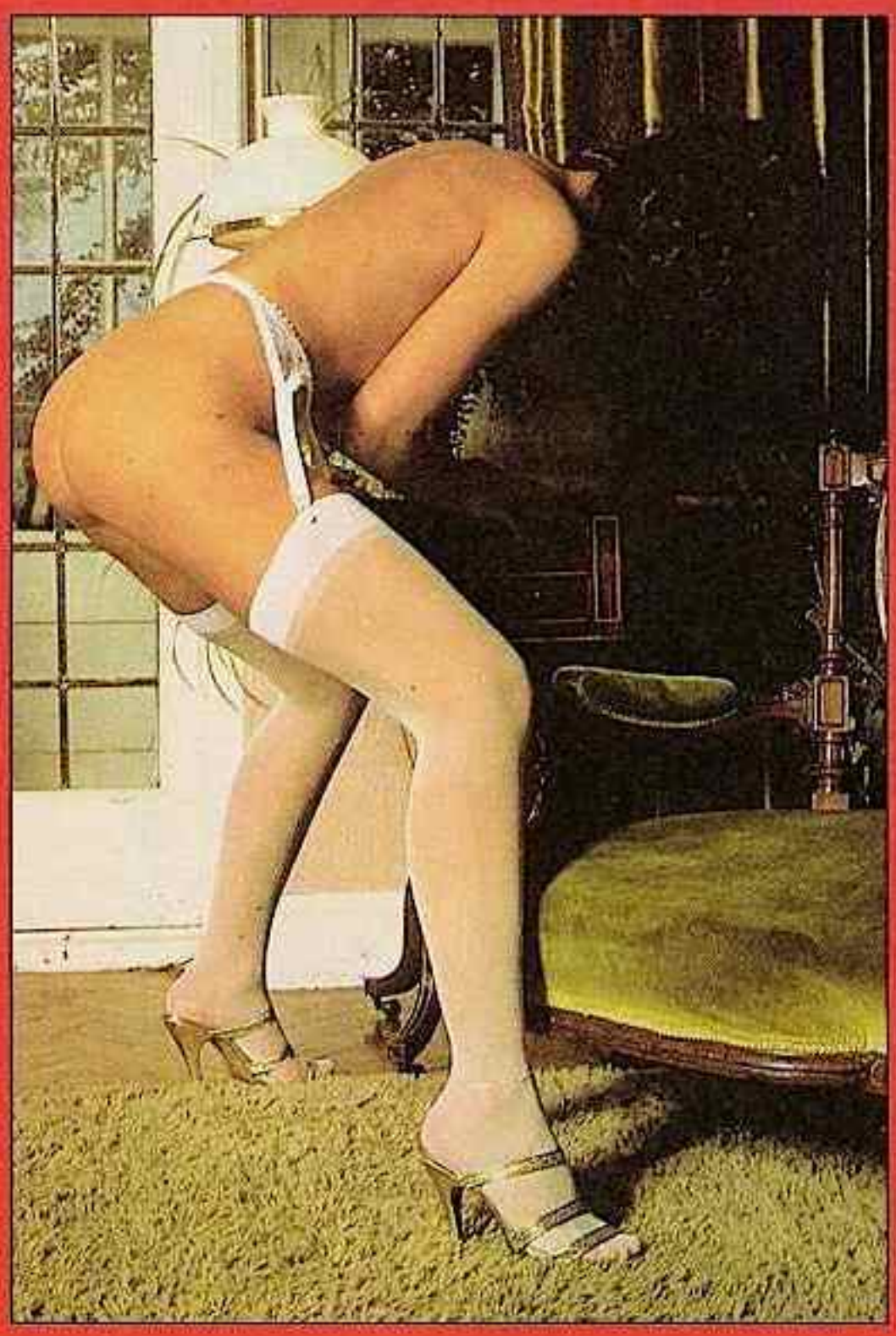
MAGAZINE

JESSICA

It's not too difficult to imagine Jessica in the bedroom. She's not only easy on the eyeballs, but you really don't have to close them in order to see what she looks like, unless you want to. A very compact little lady that makes adjectives such as affable, amenable, adventurous and acrobatic spring to mind. "I suppose you want to talk about my sex life," she said, interrupting my thoughts (which must have been on the tannoy system). "Uh-huh," I replied, wanting to keep it simple. "OK, I was a virgin up until a year ago. I had a foolish notion that the right man ought to come along and take me for the first time. It didn't work out that way." In the meantime, what has? "I'm pretty direct. I really don't have a lot of time for small talk. If a need is mutual, why waste time fulfilling it?" Indeed.



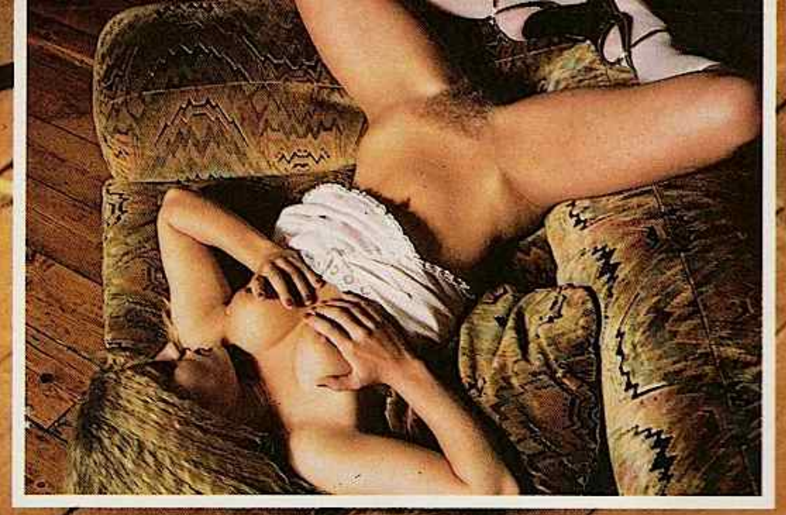
Photographed by Lewis Blood



KIT

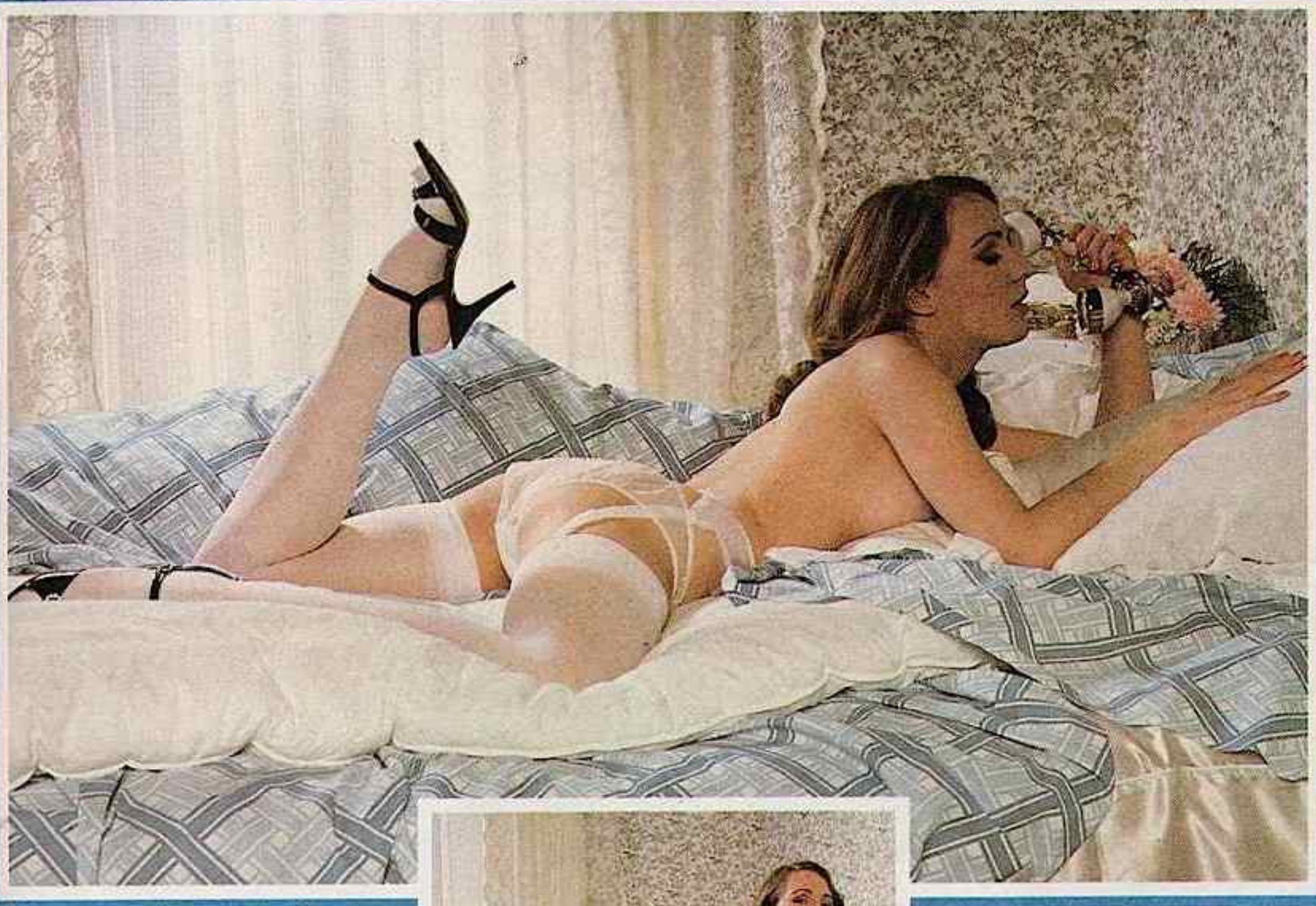
Kit, unlike a lot of girls, rarely comes out to play. Basically she's kind of modest by nature, so taking everything off (apart from the stockings, that is) for the benefit of Knave readers was something in the region of a triumph out of adversity. She never said a word while the shutter speed increased, hardly ever looked at the camera or smiled or made out like she was in her element. I feel obliged to say this, however. Kit, I think your body is very nice. I'd like to spend 24 hours alone with it, making its acquaintance. Won't you please come out to play?

Photographed by Lewis Blood



Lynn Fairclough

ANOTHER NEW LADY TO THE LENS



Photographed by David Paul

Lynn Fairclough. Hmmm. Not a name you necessarily associate with erotic dreams. She hasn't played any love scenes with Ryan O'Neal or Art Garfunkel. Nor has she stood directly above a subway ventilator (so that her skirt flies up to her chin) for press photographers. She is hardly likely to have a new bikini and/or life-jacket named after her. But none of that perturbs Miss Fairclough in the slightest. She exudes a sort of domestic sexuality. She'll giggle spontaneously at a joke, let's say, that involves an ant fucking an elephant. She isn't neurotic about the size of her breasts. (In fact, according to her, the nipples get excited easily – which is the main thing.) She frequently washes the dishes in the nude. "It makes a dull chore seem something of a challenge", she says in a tone of voice that suggests results. Lynn is not immune to fantasies either. "Occasionally, I like to lie on the bed in suspenders and stockings and imagine a powerful man I've never met taking me from behind. I'm pretty sensitive all over." You don't always need stardom to turn eyeballs to clotted cream.

RUTH

The return of Ruth, and she's still opening her mouth to let out those short, sharp breaths of fired-up sexual excitement, still touching up her tits to give herself that little extra stimulation.

And as for that black suspender belt — it isn't just for decoration. "Wearing suspenders and stockings turns me on", smiled Ruth, with a look of only slightly repressed lust on her face. "It's much easier once I've decided to sleep with someone I really fancy. I like to be prepared for all these eventualities".

"Please don't think I sit around contemplating sexual positions all day. It's just that sometimes the thought of how a person I hardly know might perform in bed is extremely difficult to resist".

From somewhere, probably out of the bottom drawer of her boss's desk, Ruth managed to find a white bra. "Yes, I do wear one sometimes, but only for the fun of having someone take it off. I think I look better without one. Don't you"?
She clearly didn't expect anyone to disagree with her.

The Lady Undresses

With the lord and master
away on one of his
crusades to Dagenham,
Godfrey the gardener,
(a man of many implements),
found it an opportune moment
to espy his lady fair
from behind a screen
in the chamber...
Unfortunately, it all proved
far too much for him, and he
now works on the verges
of East Finchley.

Exclusive photography by Lord Everest